I sought the old gryphon
for to ask him the methods
and rules of the lessons
of Gryphon War Poetry Class…

Figuring, if I learn all the rules,
then I, too, can say,

"Check them horrendous clouds
this awful-ass day."

He said,

“I know what my poetic phantoms portray.
Boy, just ask me, I'll tell you.
It's how poets get paid.”

So I quizzed King Gryphon my queries,
a-wondering, tell me, perhaps,

"How did vast victory lead to nothingdom won,
kith 'n kin bleeding to cold, silent drums;
Over or under, on average and rounded,
How many wars have your war poets founded?"

Answering loud through translucent halls
up in the bowels of his nothingness town,
my gryphon regaled his warriors
who'd petrified, toppled and fallen.

They petrified, toppled, falling.
Oh, and his enemies toppled and fell.
Closed curtain calls shadow masquerade brawls
as I heard the last gryphon's lament on it all.

He ponders the captain of a floundering ship
Who'd gone down jotting a last soggy quip, saying,

“Utter end approaches in this distant, lost wing
where all creatures can sing, but no singer thinks.”

Ship’s opera struck up its last gasp ditty.
Sinking slowly, the captain wrote on...

“Well, if my duty's done, my role is erased
as oblivion sits taking everything's place,
may I stay on display as an omen to friends,
showing emptiness anchored, eternally pinned?”